

"DOCTOR WHO"

'THE MUTANTS'

SERIAL NNN

by

Bob Baker & Dave Martin

EPISODE ONE

PRODUCER	BARRY LETTS
DIRECTOR	CHRIS TOPHER
DESIGNER	JEREMY BEAR
P.A.	FIONA CUMMING
A.F.M.	SUE HEDDEN
SCRIPT EDITOR	TERRANCE DICKS
COSTUME SUPERVISOR	JAMES ASHERSON
MAKE-UP SUPERVISOR	JOAN BARRETT
ASSISTANT	JOAN ELLIOT

FILMING: 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th February.

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: 16th February - 26th February.
BBC Rehearsal Rooms, Acton.

CAMERA REHEARSAL AND RECORDING: 23th February.

TRANSMISSION: 8th April 1972.

WHI

"DOCTOR WHO" - 'The Mutants' Episode One.

CAST:

DOCTOR WHO
JO
MARSHAL
STUBBS
COTTON
VARAN
KY
THE ADMINISTRATOR

NON-SPEAKING:

SOLONIAN NATIVE/MUTANT
BODYGUARD
GUARDS - Multiracial

SETS:

Unit Laboratory: Small corner with Police Box.

SkyBase Composite. Including:
Storage Areas.
Marshal's Office.
Reception and Transfer Area.
Small Room
Corridors and Open Areas.

TELECINE:

Open Country.
Model Shot Skybase one, orbiting Solos.
Model Shot or Caption: Solos seen from Skybase One.

"DOCTOR WHO"

"THE MUTANTS"

SERIAL NNN

by

Bob Baker & Dave Martin

EPISODE ONE

TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

Ext. Country. Day.

The sound of someone running
wildly, crashing through
the undergrowth.

A MAN crashes into C.U.
Panting staring terrified.
A very thin man in baggy
white clothes. Very old
tanned and wiry.

Sounds of pursuit from all
around.

VOICES: (MUFFLED) Over here! Move in!
The river! Heading for the river!
(etc ... etc)

From so many directions, the MAN does not know which way to turn.

Sound of his pursuers crashing through, getting nearer ... The MAN takes a deep breath and stumbles off away from CAMERA as fast as he can ...

Through his thin cotton shirt coat, soaked in sweat, a series of enormous knobbly reptilian vertebrae can be seen ...

We follow him running and then CUT to THE MARSHAL, in immaculate tropical uniform ...

The MARSHAL is big, bull-necked, shrewd and ruthless. A cruel power-driven man, quick to rage - when it suits him. Besides the tropical kit, he wears a facemask and carries a bleeping geiger-type tracker. Five stars on his riot helmet. He scans the forest with the tracker. Bleeps build up loud and strong. He tears off the mask to shout:

MARSHAL: Mutt! Mutt! Over here you men! Mutt!

The OLD MAN breaks cover.

The MARSHAL dashes after him. As he runs, he drops his face mask.

STUBBS and COTTON - riot patrolmen in similar but less flashy gear - appear in SHOT. Names stencilled across their helmets. BOTH armed, both wearing facemasks - sinister fleshcoloured objects with a speaking grill, made to cover nose and mouth.

STUBBS removes his mask
to shout:

STUBBS: Sir! Marshal! Your mask!

COTTON: (THROUGH HIS MASK) Mutt mad he
is. Sport to him -

STUBBS: Come on, before he passes out.

COTTON removes mask, wiping
sweat off.

COTTON: Solos! Stinking rotten hole.
Can't even breathe. What a planet!

STUBBS: (MOVING OFF) Not long now
soldier.

COTTON: (FOLLOWING RELUCTANTLY)
Should've given 'em independence years
ago ...

Another part of the forest.

STUBBS and COTTON come upon
a gasping but triumphant
MARSHAL standing over the
body of the NATIVE:

MARSHAL: Look at it. Disgusting mess.
Get rid of it.

The MARSHAL takes his mask
without a word of thanks:

MARSHAL: Make out a report. Mutt found
dead ... as usual.

The MARSHAL moves off, pleased
with his morning's work.

WH

- 4 -

STUBBS speaks into his
pocket transmitter.

STUBBS: Returning to Skybase. E T A
forty-two, zero six. Have dealt with
Mutant native alert, area seven.
Mutant tracked and found dead on
arrival.

A look at COTTON.

STUBBS: Cause unknown ...

END TELECINE 1:

1. INT. UNIT LABORATORY. DAY.

(DOCTOR WHO IS WORKING
ON A PIECE OF EQUIPMENT
AT A WORKBENCH.

JO LOOKS ON)

JO: Doctor, are you going to be much
longer?

DOCTOR WHO: Nearly finished, Jo. I'm
making a new improved carburettor for
Bessie ...

JO: Well for your information, it's
long past lunchtime,

(SHE BREAKS OFF AS
SLOWLY A BLACK BOX
MATERIALISES ON
THE BENCH)

DOCTOR WHO: (SEEING THE BOX) Oh dear.
Oh dear Oh dear!

- 4 -

(JO IS SHAKEN BUT
TRIES TO HIDE IT)

JO: Lunch?

DOCTOR WHO: No.

JO: (CAUTIOUSLY) Bomb?

DOCTOR WHO: Nothing so exciting.

JO: Well?

DOCTOR WHO: Work.

JO: Then it is something exciting.

(A SOUR LOOK FROM
DOCTOR WHO)

DOCTOR WHO: It's a despatch box, of a kind. From them.

JO: The Time Lords?

DOCTOR WHO: That's right.

JO: Aren't you going to open it?

DOCTOR WHO: I'm not supposed to open it. Couldn't, even if I wanted to. It's only meant for one person ... and or creature... and it only opens for one person.

JO: And or creature?

DOCTOR WHO: I'm just the messenger boy.

JO: Why don't you just refuse.

DOCTOR WHO: They only use this in a real emergency, Jo. Top priority! Three-line whip! I've got to go.

JO: How do you know where to deliver it?

(THE TARDIS DOOR SWINGS
OPEN OF ITS OWN ACCORD.

THE LIGHT ON TOP OF
THE TARDIS STARTS
FLASHING. THE
DEMATERILISATION NOISE
STARTS)

DOCTOR WHO: I think that's already been decided.

(DOCTOR WHO PICKS
UP THE BOX, MOVES
TO THE TARDIS DOOR)

JO: Wait. I'm coming with you.

DOCTOR WHO: Out of the question.
Bound to be difficult. Probably dangerous.

JO: All the more reason. You need me to look after you.

DOCTOR WHO: Sorry, Jo. Goodbye.

(DOCTOR WHO STEPS
INSIDE THE TARDIS.

THE DOOR SLOWLY
STARTS TO CLOSE)

JO: Oh no you don't, Doctor.

(SHE BELTS ACROSS
THE LABORATORY AND
LEAPS INSIDE THE
TARDIS, JUST BEFORE
THE DOORS CLOSE.

THE NOISE BUILDS AND
THE TARDIS DEMATERIALIZES)

TELECINE 2:

Model Shot.

Skybase, hanging in the night
sky above Solos.

END TELECINE 2:

2. INT. SKYBASE ONE. STORAGE AREA. NIGHT.

(A SMALL BARE, DUSTY,
METAL ROOM. A
DISUSED PART OF THE
STORAGE AREA.

THE POLICE BOX APPEARS.

JO AND DOCTOR WHO
(EMERGE)

JO: Well - where are we?

DOCTOR WHO: Looks like the tradesmen's
entrance, doesn't it?

(JO GOES TO THE
PORTHOLE WINDOW)

JO: What do you mean, Doctor?

DOCTOR WHO: Well, I don't see any red
carpet. Do you?

JO: Doctor, look! We're flying! ...

TELECINE 3:

Model Shot or Caption. Night.

JO'S P.O.V. of Solos seen
from Skybase.

END TELECINE 3:

3. INT. SKYBASE ONE. STORAGE AREA. NIGHT.

(RESUME SCENE)

DOCTOR WHO: (PEERING OUT) Not exactly
flying, Jo. We're in planetary orbit.
We must be on a -

(VOICE FROM TANNOY
TYPE GRILL OVER
DOOR)

VOICE: Sky base One. This is Sky Base
One.

DOCTOR WHO: Sky Base.

JO: Amazing.

VOICE: Duty personnel to reception
and transfer section. Clear visiting
party.

DOCTOR WHO: Ah, we are expected -

VOICE: And escort through bacteriolo -
gical decontamination hall. Sky Base
One, out.

JO: Bactero-what?

DOCTOR WHO: Put less delicately -
delousing, Jo.

JO: Cheek -

4. INT. SKYBASE ONE. RECEPTION/TRANSFER
AREA, NIGHT.

(A ROW OF TWO CUBICLES.
LABELLED 'RECEPTION AND
TRANSFER SECTION'.

ONE CUBICLE IS MARKED
'OVERLORD' THE OTHER
SMALLER AND PLAINER
'SOLONIANS'.

VARAN WAITS BY THE
CUBICLES WATCHFULLY.
HE IS A FIERCE
WARRIOR LEADER, A
KUKPI-4TYPE SWORD AT
HIS SIDE, COLOURFULLY
DRESSED. HE IS FLANKED
BY HIS BODY GUARD,
AN EVEN BIGGER
FIERCER MAN. AS THE
SCENE PROGRESSES, WE
BEGIN TO SEE THAT
SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH
THIS BODYGUARD. HE IS
SWEATING FIERCELY
AND SEEMS TO BE
SUPPRESSING PAIN.

BUT SINCE VARAN TAKES
HIM FOR GRANTED AND
THE OVERLORDS
SCARCELY LOOK AT
HIM, ALL THIS
PASSES UNNOTICED.

ON VARAN'S OTHER
SIDE STANDS A YOUNG
NATIVE, THIS IS
VARAN'S SON, BEARBY,
DETACHED, BUT KEEPING
A WATCHFUL EYE ON
THINGS STANDS AN
OVERLORD GUARD. THEY
ARE ALL WAITING FOR
SOMEONE TO ARRIVE
IN THE TRANSFER
SECTION.

THERE IS A HUM OF
POWER FROM ONE OF THE
CUBICLES AS KY
APPEARS. HE STEPS
OUT.

KY IS MUCH YOUNGER
THAN VARAN. HE IS
A FIERCE CHE GUEVARA
TYPE, A BORN
REVOLUTIONARY.
VARAN IS A SUPPORTER
OF THE OVERLORD
REGIME, SO HE AND
KY ARE NATURAL
ENEMIES, VARAN GREETES
KY WITH IRONIC
(COURTESY)

VARAN: Greetings, Ky.

KY: I knew you would be here, Varan.
With your Overlord masters.

VARAN: And why are you here?

KY: I was summoned.

VARAN: You will attend the conference?

KY: The Conference! More lies from the Overlords. More promises of freedom. Tomorrow. Always tomorrow.

VARAN: Yet you still came.

KY: I came to demand that the Overlords cease from murdering our people.

VARAN: The mutants are no longer our people. They have become accursed by the Gods.

KY: Not by the Gods but by the Overlords! By the contamination they brought with them from Earth! They are the only curse on Solos - and you Varan, paid killer of your own people, know the nature of that curse best of all.

VARAN: A mutant is a curse and must be rooted out. They are evil and diseased!

(C.U. BODY-GUARD.
HE SHIVERS. WRAPS
HIS CLOAK TIGHTLY
ROUND HIM. HE LOOKS
FRIGHTENED. KEEPS
GLANCING AT HIS HAND -
WHICH WE DO NOT SEE)

KY: Who tells us they are evil?
Who tells us they are diseased?

VARAN: My eye tell me -

KY: No Varan, the Overlords tell you.
The Overlords tell you to kill and you kill.

VARAN: My people are warriors. It is honourable to fight.

KY: This is not fighting! Where is the honour in hunting down these unarmed creatures?

VARAN: They are diseased Ky: it is a duty.

KY: Diseased! Again, the Overlords!
But -

(HIS CLINCHER)

If it is a disease, what has caused it? Who has caused it? The Overlords! Once we were farmers and hunters. The land was green, the rivers ran clear and the air was sweet to breathe. Then the Overlords came, bringing Earth's poisons with them and calling it progress. We toiled in their mines. We become slaves -

(LOOKING AT VARAN)

And worse than slaves -

VARAN: Liar!

KY: Murderer! You have nothing left to hunt, so you hunt your own kind.

(VARAN'S HAND GOES TO
HIS SWORD.

THE GUARD STEPS FORWARD
WARNINGLY.

VARAN AND KY GLARE AT
EACH OTHER.

ROUND THE CORNER COMES
STUBBS, WHO SUMS UP
THE SITUATION AT ONCE.

STUBBS SPEAKS ROUGHLY,
BUT NOT UNKINDLY TO KY:)

STUBBS: So you've arrived, Ky.

KY: As you see - Overlord. We come
when we are called.

STUBBS: Well, don't hang around
making speeches. Get into Decontami-
nation.

(STUBBS JERKS HIS
HEAD TOWARDS A DOOR
MARKED 'BAC DECON'.)

KY GIVES VARAN A
LOOK THEN GOES THROUGH
TO THE DOOR.

STUBBS TURNS TO VARAN)

Varan, the Marshal wants to see you.

(VARAN MOVES AWAY.

THE BODYGUARD GOES TO
FOLLOW)

Alone.

VARAN: (TO BODYGUARD) Wait.

(VARAN STRIDES OFF.

STUBBS FOLLOWS.

THE BODYGUARD IS LEFT
WITH THE OVERLORD GUARD.

THE BODYGUARD HUDDLES
INTO HIS CLOAK, STAGGERS
AND FALLS

THE OVERLORD GUARD
CROSSES TO HIM, PULLS
HIM ROUGHLY TO HIS
FEET.

THE BODYGUARD GRAPPLES
WITH HIM.

THE GUARD SEES HIM -
WE REALISE THAT THE
BODYGUARD HAS BECOME A
MUTANT: HIS HANDS
COVERED IN REPTILIAN
EXCRESCENCES. THE
GUARD SHOUTS:)

GUARD: Mutt! Mutt!

(THE BODYGUARD FELS
HIM, DRAGS HIM INTO
THE DUBICUE AND RUSHES
OFF DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

5. INT. SKYBASE ONE. STORAGE AREA. NIGHT.

DOCTOR WHO: Taking their time, aren't
they?

JO: Doctor, are you sure this place is
a reception area? Looks more like a
sort of a broom cupboard. Where are
we exactly, Doctor - timewise?

DOCTOR WHO: Don't use expressions
like that Jo, please.

JO: Doctor...

DOCTOR WHO: According to the Tardis
instrument readings, we should be in
thirtieth century Empire.

JO: Oh, I see. (cont...)

JO: (cont) (NOT SEEING AT ALL) What Empire?

DOCTOR WHO: Your Empire. Earth's Empire. Great colonists Earthmen. Once they'd sacked the Solar System, they moved on. To pastures new. Solos is one of them. One of the last. Did you ever read Gibbons' Decline and Fall?

JO: No. Is it good?

DOCTOR WHO: This is like that. You see?

JO: No.

DOCTOR WHO: Empires rise, Empires fall. And if this is their idea of a reception - it's just not good enough!

(HE GOES TO THE DOOR.
IT IS LOCKED. HE
STARTS TO LOOK FOR
SOME WAY OF OPENING
IT, WITHOUT SUCCESS)

I shall have to break the circuit -

(HE STARTS UNSCREWING A
JUNCTION BOX NEAR THE
DOOR ... JO LOOKS
UNSURE BUT DARE NOT
STOP HIM)

6. INT. SKY BASE ONE. MARSHAL'S OFFICE.
NIGHT.

(A LARGE OFFICE, WHICH
IS ALSO A SMALL CON-
FERENCE ROOM.

A MARTIAL AIR ABOUT IT,
PROVIDED LARGELY BY A
BACKDROP OF MURAL BEHIND
THE CENTRAL PODIUM -
WHERE THE ADMINISTRATOR
SITS - OF EARTH AND ALL
ITS VASSAL PLANETS.
EARTH AT THE CENTRE
OF COURSE, THE OTHERS
IN ORBIT AROUND IT.

THE ROOM IS MEANT TO
IMPRESS THE SOLONIANS
WITH EARTH'S POWER,
AND AS A RESULT IS HEAVY
AND BAUHAUS - FASCIST
IN ARCHITECTURE.

THE SOLONIAN DELEGATION
TABLE IS FITTED WITH
AIR-BLOWERS FOR EACH
DELEGATE, SO THAT THE
SOLONIANS CAN BREATHE
EASILY IN THE DIFFERENT
ATMOSPHERE ON SKYBASE
ONE.

THE MARSHAL IS SEATED
AT HIS TABLE, WHICH IS
RAISED ABOVE THE SOLONIAN
DELEGATES' TABLES ...
HE IS ALONE, FEET UP
ON THE TABLE.

ENTER VARAN WITH TWO
GUARDS)

MARSHAL: Ah, Varan!

VARAN: Why has Ky been summoned to this conference?

MARSHAL: You have seen him then?

VARAN: He called me murderer. Me, Varan! I should have finished him there and then!

MARSHAL: No Varan, we want no martyrs ... I have other plans for Ky.

VARAN: You said I would represent my people.

MARSHAL: You will be there Varan ... You and Ky. Now listen ...

7. INT. SKYBASE STORAGE AREA. NIGHT

(DOCTOR WHO STILL AT THE DOOR.

A SHOWER OF SPARKS,
AND THE DOOR SLIDES
BACK.

DOCTOR WHO LOOKS UP
AND DOWN THE CORRIDOR
OUTSIDE)

DOCTOR WHO: Come on Jo.

JO: Doctor - the box.

DOCTOR WHO: Box? Oh yes - (cont...)

- 18 -

(HE GETS IT.

THEY GO OUT INTO
THE CORRIDOR)

DOCTOR WHO: (cont) Not a soul. You see?

7a. INT. SKYBASE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(A SOFT HUMMING NOISE.
THEN:)

VOICE: Attention. Attention. Computer
confirms door malfunction in Storage
Area Four - investigation please.

(THEY LOOK UP.
THEY ARE IN STORAGE
AREA FOUR)

JO: That's you Doctor.

DOCTOR WHO: I know. And I'm not sure
I like being described as a malfunction.

8. INT. SKYBASE STORAGE AREA. NIGHT.

(STUBBS AND COTTON'S
LITTLE HIDEAWAY.

A CUBICLE

STUBBS AND COTTON SIT
WITH THEIR FEET UP,
LISTENING)

VOICE: I repeat - investigation
please.

STUBBS: That's us.

COTTON: What is it?

STUBBS: Door.

COTTON: Door? All the way over there
for a door?

STUBBS: Seems a bit pointless doesn't
it?

COTTON: Ah, leave it be? Leave it
till morning. I mean, we've only just
come up here after that mutt-hunt.
Tell you what -

STUBBS: What?

COTTON: You won't find him rushing
about tonight.

STUBBS: Who?

COTTON: His nibs. The Marshal -

9. INT. SKYBASE. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

(THE MARSHAL AND VARAN)

MARSHAL: You understand? A man I can trust, and trust absolutely -

VARAN: I trust all my warriors. They would all fight to the death for me -

MARSHAL : And he'll need this pass.

(HE GIVES HIM A PASS)

VARAN. (CHUCKLING) It is good.

MARSHAL: I doubt if Ky will think so. Varan, I shall want to see this man of yours myself.

VARAN: Now?

MARSHAL: (PATIENTLY) Afterwards ...

(EXIT VARAN.

THE MARSHAL WATCHES
HIM GO, AND SIGHS)

Fool -

10. INT. SKYBASE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(DOCTOR WHO AND JO,
WALKING ...)

DOCTOR WHO: (SHOUTING) Hello! ...
Hello!

(DOCTOR WHO AND JO
COME TO ANOTHER DOOR:
STORAGE AREA THREE)

JO: (WARNINGLY) Doctor ...

DOCTOR WHO: We can't wander around
all night with nobody noticing -

(HE SETS TO WORK ON
THE DOOR, JO WATCHING
HIM ... AT THE OTHER
END OF THE CORRIDOR,
SOMETHING ELSE WATCHING
THEM. THE BODYGUARD.

HE STARTS TO CREEP UP
ON THEM, SWEATING AND
BREATHING HEAVILY.

JO TURNS, SEES HIM)

JO: Doctor - look out!

(ANOTHER SET OF SPARKS
FROM THE DOOR.

DOCTOR WHO TURNS ROUND,
THE BODYGUARD ALMOST
ON THEM.

THEY WATCH HIM TRANS-
FIXED.

HE DRAWS HIS KUKRI-TYPE
JUNGLE KNIFE.

THEY COME TO THEIR
SENSES AND GET THROUGH
THE DOOR JUST IN TIME
AND SLIDE IT BACK)

VOICE: Attention, attention -

(On to page 23 and scene 11)

11. INT. SKYBASE. STORAGE AREA. NIGHT.

(STUBBS AND COTTON
AS BEFORE.

THE VOICE CONTINUES:)

VOICE. Door malfunction in storage
area three. Investigation please.
Possible emergency - out.

STUBBS: We should have gone the
first time - come on.

COTTON: We couldn't have known.

STUBBS: Come on, we're in enough
trouble already. Two of 'em. I don't
like the sound of it.

(THEY GET THEIR WEAPON
AND EMERGENCY KIT
ON AND LEAVE)

12. INT. SKYBASE STORAGE AREA THREE. NIGHT.

(DOCTOR WHO AND JO
HOLDING THE DOOR SHUT,
TRYING TO PUSH THINGS
IN FRONT OF IT.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY,
THE BODYGUARD IS FORCING
THE DOOR OPEN WITH HIS
MUTATED HAND)

DOCTOR WHO: Can't hold it much longer.

JO: What is it Doctor?

DOCTOR WHO: Whatever it is - it's not friendly ...

(STUBBS AND COTTON
BURST IN. SEEING
DOCTOR WHO AND JO,
THEY IMMEDIATELY ASSUME
THEY ARE TRYING TO GET
THROUGH THE DOOR AND
ESCAPE)

STUBBS: Away from that door -

DOCTOR WHO: I daren't -

STUBBS: Away from that door.

JO: You don't understand -

(COTTON GOES TO THEM
AND DRAGS THEM AWAY.

THE DOOR PULLED OPEN
.. THE BODYGUARD
CHARGES THROUGH,
SAMURAI-TYPE YELL)

STUBBS: Mutt! (cont ...)

(COTTON AND STUBBS
BLAST HIM DOWN, AS
HE REACHES THEM.

THE BODYGUARD FLAT
ON HIS FACE, HIS
MUNT VERTEBRAE
REVEALED.

THE DOCTOR WHO HIDES JO'S
FACE.

SILENCE.

EVERYONE STILL ...
TABLEAU.

INTO POCKET COMMUNICATOR,
VERY ROUTINE, STUBBS
SAYS:)

STUBBS: (CONT) Stubbs and Cotton
investigating malfunction Storage
Area Three. Mutant native contacted
and destroyed. Two other non-personnel
found and held. Report ends.

(TURNS TO DOCTOR WHO
AND JO)

Good evening sir. Would you please
come with us to reception?

DOCTOR WHO: I assume to have no
choice?

STUBBS: This way sir...

(AS THEY MOVE OFF,
DOCTOR WHO SAYS:)

DOCTOR WHO: Mutant native you said?

13. INT. SKYBASE. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

MARSHAL: (INTO COMMUNICATOR, RAGING)
Mutt? On my skybase? How? ...
(INCREDULOUS) Varan's bodyguard?
Get me a full report at once. Hold
those other two - and get Varan -
(CONT....)

(ENTER THE ADMINISTRATOR.
BIG JOHN FREEMAN TYPE.
HEAVY HEADMASTERLY MANNER
IN CONFERENCE, NOW
FATIGUED AND ANGRY ...)

THE MARSHAL SWITCHES
OFF:)

MARSHAL: (cont) I've asked for a
full report Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR: I should damn well
think so. What happened to your
security arrangements? And why was
I not informed that Varan was here?
Really Marshal - on the eve of the
independence conference.

MARSHAL: (COOL UNDER ATTACK) There'll
be a full security clampdown. The
Solonians will never know. As for
Varan, he was reporting on Ky's ...
activities.

ADMINISTRATOR: Spying for you, you
mean?

MARSHAL: All part of security.

ADMINISTRATOR: Security! Such as we
had tonight. Natives and the devil
knows who else running amok ...
Good heavens man we're not at war with
the Solonians - we're giving them
independence.

MARSHAL: (SLIGHT) SMILES) Eventually.

ADMINISTRATOR: Not eventually Marshal.
Now, Total and absolute independence.
We're pulling out.

MARSHAL: Pulling out?

ADMINISTRATOR: I take it you've been too busy with security to read the latest reports from Earth? We simply cannot afford an Empire any more. Earth is exhausted Marshal. Finished. Politically, economically, biologically. Finished!

MARSHAL: Then why go back? We should keep Skybase here on solos - take over the planet.

ADMINISTRATOR: Out of the question. Apart from the Solonians themselves there's the problem of the atomosphere.

MARSHAL: Both are problems that can be solved.

ADMINISTRATOR: Ky is already making political capital out of your experiments in that field.

MARSHAL: The Mutants.

ADMINISTRATOR: Exactly.

MARSHAL: There is no proof that my atmospheric experiments, are in any way connected with these mutations. The mutts are a menace and must be wiped out.

ADMINISTRATOR: And that's your alternative to independence - genocide?

MARSHAL: Give them independence and they'll starve out of total incompetence.

ADMINISTRATOR: Nevertheless, they shall have their independence - whether they're ready for it or not!

(THE MARSHAL IS STUNNED
BY THIS REVELATION)

MARSHAL: When you summoned this
conference, Administrator - I assumed
you would follow the usual line.

ADMINISTRATOR: Which is?

MARSHAL: Fob them off with promises
A few minor concessions.... It always
worked before.

ADMINISTRATOR: This time I'm conceding
all Ky's demands. We have no choice.
We must return to Earth.

MARSHAL: I've put years of my life
into this planet ... my entire career
...

ADMINISTRATOR: I'm afraid things are
going to be a bit tricky for excolonial
officials. Still don't worry old
chap. We'll find you something.
The Bureau of Records perhaps. Some-
thing - clerical.

(WELL PLEASED WITH THIS
PARTING SHOT, THE
ADMINISTRATOR EXITS.

THE MARSHAL LOOKS
ROUND HIS OFFICE,
SYMBOL OF THE POWER
HE IS SOON TO LOSE.

HE COMES TO HIS COMMUNICATOR)

MARSHAL: Get me that fool Varan ...
(LISTENING A MOMENT) Your two strangers:
... Oh yes ... (DECIDING) Get hold
of the Administrator. He can deal
with them in the morning.

14. INT SKYBASE, SMALL ROOM. DAY.

(A BARE PRISON-LIKE
ROOM.

SUNLIGHT THROUGH
PROTHOLE WINDOW.

JO LOOKING THROUGH
IT)

JO: Doctor you can see the planet in
day light now ...

(DOCTOR WHO JOINS JO AT
THE PORTHOLE)

TELECINE 4A

DOCTOR WHO, 's JO's P.O.V.
of Solos, now in daylight.
Shrouded in mist.

14a. INT. SKYBASE SMALL ROOM. DAY.

(RESUME SCENE)

JO: Not a bit like Earth, is it.
It's all grey and misty.

DOCTOR WHO: The earth these people know is even more grey Jo.

JO: Oh no, it can't be.

DOCTOR WHO: Land and sea alike, all grey. Grey cities linked by grey highways across grey deserts.

(JO LOCKS PUZZLED)

(HE EXPLAINS) Ash. Clinker. Slag. The - fruits of technology.

(THE DOOR OPENS.

STUBBS SALUTES, AS
THE ADMINISTRATOR
ENTERS)

ADMINISTRATOR: Morning. I've seen your statements. What is it you want?

(AS DOCTOR WHO OPENS
HIS MOUTH)

As briefly as possible -

DOCTOR WHO: We have come from Earth -

ADMINISTRATOR: Who sent you?

DOCTOR WHO: (SMOOTHLY) Overlord Centre.

ADMINISTRATOR: The Council you mean?

DOCTOR WHO: (LESS SMOOTH) Yes.

ADMINISTRATOR: But the Council has no further interest in Solos.

(DOCTOR WHO HESITATES.

THE MARSHAL ENTERS)

DOCTOR WHO: Well it still had when I left.

MARSHAL: And when did you leave, Doctor?

DOCTOR WHO: Oh ... some time ago.

MARSHAL: (TO THE ADMINISTRATOR)
He's lying. He's got no pass -

DOCTOR WHO: (INTERRUPTING) It was an emergency.

MARSHAL: There have been no shuttles. no departures from Earth and no landings to Skybase for weeks -

DOCTOR WHO: (TO THE ADMINISTRATOR)
For goodness sake does it matter how we got here?

MARSHAL: They must be from Solos.

ADMINISTRATOR: Let him speak. Why are you here?

DOCTOR WHO: (PICKING UP BOX) This is why -

(HE HANDS THE BOX TO THE ADMINISTRATOR. HE IS SURPRISED, WHEN IT DOES NOT OPEN)

Oh. It appears it's not for you.

(HE GOES TO TAKE THE
BOX)

THE MARSHAL FORESTALLS
HIM, BUT IT DOES NOT
OPEN FOR HIM EITHER)

ADMINISTRATOR: Is this some kind of
joke. Who is it for and what is it
anyway?

DOCTOR WHO: Yes...I must confess,
gentlemen, I don't know.

ADMINISTRATOR: Then open it.

DOCTOR WHO: Can't.

MARSHAL: (PULLING A BLASTER)
Open it.

DOCTOR: WHO: It's no use. It will
only open for the person to whom it
was sent.

MARSHAL: (We shall see. Stand back.

(HE BLASTS THE BOX.
NO EFFECT AT ALL.
AGAIN...AND AGAIN .
STILL NO EFFECT.)

DOCTOR WHO: You see?

ADMINISTRATOR: You must know who it's
for?

MARSHAL: They were found with the
mutt ... They must be saboteurs -

DOCTOR WHO: Don't be a fool. If we were saboteurs, that would be a bomb. and thanks to you, Marshal, we'd all be blown to smithereens by now -

(COTTON ENTERS: TO
THE ADMINISTRATOR)

COTTON: Sir - The Solonian delegates are waiting.

ADMINISTRATOR: Thank you -

(EXIT COTTON)

Well, whatever it is, it'll have to wait Marshal?

(HE GOES TO LEAVE)

MARSHAL: With you in a moment -

(ADMINISTRATOR LEAVES.
THE MARSHAL TURNS MENACINGLY TO
JO AND THE DOCTOR WHO.)

MARSHAL: Now. Perhaps you would like to tell me what this is really all about

JO: But he has - what he told you is truth.

MARSHAL: What are you? Some kind of special agent from the Council. Sent to check up on me?

DOCTOR WHO: Look. If you really want to find out - what's in here....

MARSHAL: I shall find out.

DOCTOR WHO: Then take this box to the Conference. It could well be for someone there.

MARSHAL: Could it? I think there are more important things...far more important things - Stubbs!

STUBBS: Sir?

MARSHAL: Don't let these two out of your sight.

(EXIT MARSHAL)

(ON TO PAGE 35)

15. INT. SKYBASE. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

(KY AND VARAN WAIT FOR THE MARSHAL'S RETURN. ONE OR TWO OTHER SOLONIANS ARE IN ATTENDANCE, AMONG THEM VARAN'S SON. WE SEE GUARDS AT THE DOOR SEARCHING ANOTHER SOLONIAN, THEN WAVING HIM IN. THE MARSHAL ENTERS, CROSSES TO VARAN, WHO STANDS APART FROM THE OTHERS)

MARSHAL: Which is he?

VARAN: By the door.

MARSHAL: Does he understand the new instructions?

VARAN: He understands.

MARSHAL: Is he reliable?

VARAN: He is my son.

MARSHAL: (SOME SURPRISE) Your son?

VARAN: You asked for one whom we can trust.

MARSHAL: Yes.... Good Varan.

(THE MARSHAL
STANDS SO THAT
HE CANNOT BE
SEEN. THE MARSHAL
TAKES A SMALL
DART GUN FROM
HIS POCKET AND
PASSES IT TO
VARIN. VARIN
MOVES ACROSS TO
HIS SON)

WE SEE BY
WATCHING, BUT
ALTHOUGH HE SENSES
SOMETHING IS
GOING ON HE
CANNOT TELL
EXACTLY WHAT...

THE ADMINISTRATOR
ENTERS, DRESSED
RATHER MORE
GRANDLY THAN
BEFORE - CLOAK
FOR EXAMPLE. THE
GATHERING FALLS
SILENT. THE
ADMINISTRATOR
TAKES HIS SEAT.
THEN THE OTHERS
DO LIKEWISE. MUCH
AS IN A TRAIL
COURTROOM...)

16. INT. SKYBASE. SMALL ROOM. DAY.

(STUDS, JO AND
DOCTOR WHO. THE
CONFERENCE ON TV
MONITOR)

VOICE: Skybase One, Skybase One...
This is an Overlord Telecast....

(URGENT 'NEWS' TYPE
MUSIC:)

DOCTOR WHO: Rather bombastic, isn't it?

STUBBS: It's going out all over Solos. Always impresses 'em.

DOCTOR WHO: Think so?

VOICE: His Excellency the Administrator will now make his final statement of terms relating to the question of independence in the presense of the Solonian All people Union....

DOCTOR WHO: What's your view Stubbs?

STUBBS: Independence? Sooner the better - let's get off and home. Plenty to sort out there -

(DOCTOR WHO:
A MEANINGFUL
GLANCE TO JO
TO KEEP THE
CONVERSATION GOING:
HE STARTS TO MOVE
BEHIND STUBBS)

JO: You've got a family - on Earth?

STUBBS: I hope so Miss.

JO: Do you hear from them very often?

STUBBS: We get reports. And the
odd video -

JO: No letters?

STUBBS: (NOT UNDERSTANDING) Letters?
What kind of letters?

(DOCTOR WHO
NOW IN POSITION)

DOCTOR WHO: I'm sorry, Stubbs -

(VENUSIAN KARATE:
DOWN STUBBS
DOES)

You did that beautifully, Jo -

JO: He seemed rather nice -

DOCTOR WHO: (PICKING UP BOX) Come on,
we must get to that meeting.

(THEY EXIT INTO
EMPTY CORRIDOR:
TIGHTEN ON TV
MONITOR...
ADMINISTRATOR
IN CU)

17. SKYBASE. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

(HEAVY, HEADMASTERLY
MANNER)

ADMINISTRATOR: Some five hundred years ago, we Earthmen over lords as you call us, arrived on Solos... Our ancestors, yours and mine, made a solemn treaty a pact, a bond, an act of....

KY: (SOFTLY, TO NEIGHBOUR) Treachery.

ADMINISTRATOR: - Friendship and mutual co-operation between our two peoples...

(CU MARSHAL:
A COLD EYED
LOOK AT KY...)

ADMINISTRATOR: A bold concept. Two different cultures, far apart in terms of development, uniting together to create a new society, a new and richer world...

(MARSHAL GIVING
A SLIGHT NOD
TO VIRAN'S SON
AT THE BACK OF
THE HALL. WE SEE
HIS HAND SLIP
INSIDE HIS ROBE)

ADMINISTRATOR: Now, after five hundred years of....

KY: (SLIGHTLY LOUDER) Exploitation ..

ADMINISTRATOR: expert scientific
and technical aid we have steered
you to the verge of....

KY: Disaster....

ADMINISTRATOR: (HARD LOOK AT KY)
To the verge of independence....

18. INT. SKYBASE. RECEPTION/TRAINER,
AREA. DAY.

(DOCTOR WHO
AND JO HURRYING
ALONG... EYES
PEELED... THEY
PASS BY THE
TRANSFER STATIONS...
'OVERLORD! -
SOLONI NS!
DOCTOR WHO
REGISTERS THE
DISCRIMINATION
WITH A RAISED
EYEBROW)

19. INT. SKYBASE. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

ADMINISTRATOR: with equal rights
and privileges as citizens of empire.
You, the peoples... Of Solas, have given
us much. And we in return have given
you.....

KY: Mutts!

ADMINISTRATOR: ... a strong and stable system of government. Despite, despite I say, recent acts of terrorism, violence and subversion.

(KY CHANTING UNDER HIS BREATH, BECOMING MORE AND MORE AUDIBLE)

KY: Freedom now... freedom now... Freedom now... Enough talk. We want freedom.

ADMINISTRATOR: - And subversion. The only black mark on a history of amicable relations unparalleled throughout the empire.

KY: We want freedom. And we want it now!

(VIRAN'S SON
SLIPS THE DART
GUN FROM HIS ROBES.

THE ADMINISTRATOR
PUTS ON A SAD
FACE CONTINUES
TO IGNORE KY)

ADMINISTRATOR: The time is indeed approaching when we must take our leave, when we must cast you adrift to chart your own course as independent sovereign state, free to trade and free to travel the length and breadth of empire -

20. INT. SKYBZSE. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(JO AND DOCTOR WHO
COME ALONG AND
COME FACE TO FACE
WITH COTTON)

COTTON: And where do you think you're going?

DOCTOR WHO: To the conference of course

COTTON: (BLOCKING HIS WAY) Not without a pass - sorry sir.

DOCTOR WHO: Pass? What pass?

COTTON: Nobody in without a pass, sir.

DOCTOR WHO: But it has all been arranged with the Administrator....

COTTON: Sorry sir. That munt. Extra security all over -

DOCTOR WHO: (TAPPING BOX) But these are important documents... (A QUICK LIE) The details of the whole independence agreement, ready for signing -

COTTON: Open it up please sir.

DOCTOR WHO: What? ...

COTTON: Can't risk weapons, sir --

21. SKYBASE. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

(VARAN'S SON HAS
THE 'CAMERA'
UP TO HIS EYE.
HE FOCUSSES ON
KY:)

MARSHAL: (UNDER HIS BREATH) Wait,
wait for it....

ADMINISTRATOR: Now it is my duty to
outline the conditions that Earth
Council has laid down...

(KY IS ON HIS FEET,
SHOUTING THE
ADMINISTRATOR
DOWN)

KY: We have had five hundred years of
oppression and slavery. You have polluted
the land we live by... now you plan
to take from us the very air we breathe!

MARSHAL: Guards!

-(THE DOORS BURST
OPEN, COTTON
AND SEVERAL OTHER
GUARDS RUSH IN,
FOLLOWED BY
DOCTOR WHO AND JO,
THE MARSHAL POINTS
AT KY)

MARSHAL: Arrest him -

ADMINISTRATOR: (SHOUTING ABOVE HUBB)
Friends I beg you! Listen - we have
no need to quarrel! Earth Government
is prepared to concede - if you would
only let my finish!

AD 44.000

(VARAN'S SON HAS
NOW A CLEAR VIEW
OF KY AND THE
ADMINISTRATOR.
WE SEE THAT THE
GUN IS NOT
POINTING AT KY...
BUT AT THE
ADMINISTRATOR.
WE HEAR THE SOFT
'PFFT' OF THE
DART BEING FIRED.
THE ADMINISTRATOR
CLAPS A HAND
TO HIS NECK.
WE SEE THE POISONED
DART STICKING
IN IT. HE SLUMPS
FORWARD ACROSS HIS
DESK....

EVERYONE STOPS.
KY IS THE FIRST
TO REACT, PUSHING
HIS WAY THROUGH
THE OTHER SOLONIANS)

KY: Out - get out! Hurry! Get back
to Solos...

(KY DASHES OUT
OF THE DOOR)

MARSHAL: Ky has assassinated Administrator.
Stop him! Stop him!

(THE GUARDS CANNOT
GET AT KY FOR THE
OTHER SOLONIANS
MILLING TOWARDS THE
DOOR. VARAN'S
SON SLIPS OUT)

21a. SKYBASE. CORRIDOR. DAY

(DOCTOR WHO, IS
STILL ARGUING
WITH COTTON)

DOCTOR WHO: I tell you I can't
open it -

(KY COMES DASHING
ALONG, AND BUMPS
INTO THE GROUP,
WITH HIS FREE HAND,
DOCTOR WHO GRABS
KY, SIMPLY IN
ORDER TO STEADY
HIMSELF.)

KY GRAPPLES WITH
HIM. DOCTOR WHO
IS HAMPERED BY THE
BOX, WHICH NOW STARTS
TO WHINE, AND THE LID
BEGINNS TO OPEN A
FRACTION. DOCTOR
WHO LOOKS AT KY
(AMUZED)

DOCTOR WHO: It's for you! The box
is for you!

KY: Out of my way, Overlord!

(KY PUSHES
PAST DOCTOR WHO
AND MAKES OFF DOWN
THE CORRIDOR. DOCTOR
WHO, TRYING TO FOLLOW
IS GRABBED BY THE
GUARDS WHO ARRIVE
IN PURSUIT OF KY)

DOCTOR WHO: Wait. I've got to talk to you...

JO: All right, Doctor. I'll let him back.

(DODGING ROUND
THE GUARDS, JO
RUNS OFF AFTER
KY, DOWN THE
CORRIDOR TOWARDS
THE TRANSFER
STATIONS. THE
MARSHAL APPEARS)

MARSHAL: (TO GUARDS) Get after Ky!
He must be stopped!

(THE GUARDS RUN ON
DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

22. INT. SKYBASE. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE PURSUIT.
JO AFTERKY.
DOCTOR, MARSHAL,
GUARDS, AFTER
BOTH.

A CORNER.

KY STOPS. JO
COLLIDES WITH
HIM. KY DRAGS
HER ACROSS TO THE
NEARBY TRANSFER
STATION. HE IS
BREATHING VERY
HEAVILY. HE USES
HER AS A SHIELD
BETWEEN HIM AND
THE GUARDS. THEY
LEVEL THEIR WEAPONS)

JO: What are you doing?

KY: They will not shoot an Overlord -

JO: But I'm not an Overlord. I want
to help you...

(HE DRAGS HER INTO
THE SOLONIAN
TRANSFER STATION:
A GLASS FRONTED
BOOTH)

MARSHAL: (SHOUTING) Stop them. They
must be stopped!

23. INT. SKYRISE. CUBICLE. DAY.

(RATHER LIKE
AN ULTRA MODERN
LIFT. OVER THE
OPERATING BUTTON
A SIGN. 'HAVE
YOU GOT YOUR
OXYMISK?..
KY'S HAND REACHES
FOR THE OPERATING
BUTTON)

24. INT. SKYBASE. RECEPTION/TRANSFER AREA.

MARSHAL: Go on - shoot you fools!

(DOCTOR WHO AND
COTTON ALSO
REACH THE SCENE:)

DOCTOR WHO: No! You can't!

(A MOMENT'S HESITATION
BY THE GUARDS)

MARSHAL: I said fire!

(THE GUARDS FIRE.
THE CUBICLE
DISENTEGRATES
IN A CLOUD OF
SMOKE AND SHATTERED
GLASS.....)

TK 4 TITLE D/ GROUND.

SUPPOSE CAM

End:
Titles:

FADE OUT: